

Good 211 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

AL MALE'S "Personality Report"—

Berkhamsted

Adopts "United"

THE morning after the night before is usually the worst time to assess the pleasure of the previous day... Not so at Berkhamsted on the morning following the entertainment of members of the crew of "United."... No, sirs.

A few of us sat in the saloon bar of the "King's Arms," and before Mrs. "Nobby" Clarke could answer the inevitable "What's yours?" she flopped down in her chair and said, "Oh, if only we were starting all over again."

By which remark it was obvious that she had thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of her Berkhamsted host and hostess, and the same went for everybody, too.

"Tanky" Mallin and wife, "Brigham" Young and his wife... bearded P.O. Hatherly and his charming W.A.A.F. kid sister, and the rest of them, all seemed to be doing nothing but say, "Thanks, but I'm already drinking," until they just HAD to surrender.

Bletchley, Amersham, Berkhamsted and others are just a few. At the time, a certain Petty Officer commented, "I would rather be at home in the garden." Little did he know he was pioneering.

If you want to send personal messages to your pals in the Submarine Service, post your messages to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

And we'll do the rest!

This "Shop Talk" column has been specially opened so that you can get in touch with your pals and say "Hello" to them and give them the latest news. "Good Morning" will print your messages—and you can be sure your pals will get them.

Take advantage of this new "Good Morning" service!

Ron Richards

RIGHT from the start... Right from the moment when the South Wales Borderers Band swung by playing "A Life on the Ocean Wave," followed by the crew of "United," in turn followed by cadets from the local A.T.C., Grammar School, and Sea Cadet Corps, things went with a hum.

As Berkhamsted is a reception area, there were thousands of school children lining the route, and they certainly let go vocally... as "Brigham" Young put it later, "Those kids impressed me more than anything," particularly the boys from the Foundling School... they looked fine in their chocolate-brown coats and long trousers, with red waistcoats and gleaming brass buttons.

Most of those youngsters go into Army bands later on, so you can guess how they responded to the lilting tunes.

A very fine speech of welcome was read by S. H. Smith Esq., (Chairman, Berkhamsted U.D.C.), and

replied to by Lieut. J. C. Y. Roxburgh, D.S.C., D.S.O., and in exchange for the address of welcome, "United's" Commander handed to Berkhamsted his submarine's Jolly Roger and a shield with "United's" coat of arms and success badges.

Formalities over, the ladies of Berkhamsted took over.

Are ALL the ladies pastry-cooks plus? Because never since 1940 have I seen such a display of goodies... really HAD to sample some to convince myself that they hadn't called in the aid of some film studio property-man.



I would have loved to have seen those Foundling boys run riot amongst those cream cakes... chocolate and cream with a vengeance.

General introductions to hosts and a sort of "Show me the way to go home" parade broke up the "curtain raiser" and gave the boys a chance to get acquainted with their "parents." Then, all spruce,

the various parties, collected at the "King's Arms" for the first serious engagement... massed attack on Berkhamsted's food convoy.

Once again magicians seemed to have been at work. Mine host, of the "King's Arms" enhanced his reputation; even the newly be-medalled chests swelled with extra pride when their owners beheld the feast... as did those whose owners were not the recipients of decorations, but who, as Berkhamsted's Chairman so ably said, "Share the honour of duty nobly done."

A meal undoubtedly fit for heroes and their wives and families.

The smoking concert which followed was a huge success. Speeches and counter-speeches... compliments enough to make P.O. Hatherly blush to the roots of his beard (the blush seems to have stayed put, or is it really auburn, old chap?). If they had been for him only... even shared by the "gane," there were enough for each man, to make Donald Ducker bow his head... and Ducker seldom ducks anything.

And so to bed. Whether "United's" crew always wait until the streets are aired before sampling the morning air, or whether the beds and breakfasts provided were the type one simply HAS to linger over, I cannot say... All I can say is that it was not until almost lunch-time that Navy blue was spotted on the horizon.

But it was only a matter of moments before contact was made, and we... (oh, yes, I "engaged" Brigham Young and Nobby Clarke, with wives in case they might have preferred coffee... in case, mark you) held "conference"... and it was only a matter of just a few more moments before both ladies heard with regret that there was "no Orange" for the... but we have plenty of "lime."

That log fire in the saloon bar sure did attract.

Believe it or not, we hadn't sipped the first before a W.A.A.F. swung in, holding up the beard of her brother, Bill. "Tanker" Mallin staggered in, holding up a large-size boil on the back of his neck, and the balance of the crew dashed in, trying to register surprise... "Fancy meeting YOU here" stuff, which failed to register anywhere.

Yes... that log fire was marvellous.

Warm, cosy comfort... the kind you hate to tear yourself away from... real English warmth.

And I believe, honestly, that it typified the warm-hearted hospitality of Berkhamsted.

In his address of welcome, the Chairman of Berkhamsted U.D.C. (S. C. Smith) said: "To them (Commanding Officer and members of the crew of Submarine 'United') we extend a real Hertfordshire welcome—the one thing I know about a Hertfordshire welcome is that it cannot be more sincere than when given by Berkhamsted." No man spoke truer words.



Ron Richards
SHOP TALK

TALKING shop, I met Lieut. M. Chambers, who places on record his thanks to members of "Thrasher" crew who some time ago were involved in a change of postal addresses. The Lieutenant, who recalls the farewell evening at Chatham's "Prince of Wales" and nearby haunts, says he had never known a finer crew. He wishes them every success in the future.



"SKIPPS" MARRIOTT

SKIPPS MARRIOTT, who knows more about submariners than submariners know about themselves, looks back over the counter and says: "There's no one in particular to whom I would address a message—I send out a wish for good hunting to the thousands I've exchanged pints with."

FROM this side of the counter comes a message from Buck Ryan author, Jack Monk, who, to Lieut. Steadman, who is in a "T" boat, says: "The Hogsty is still there, and Tommy sends a gin-stained message of goodwill to you and your shipmates." Jack thanks you for your letters, and has passed on your information regarding circulation of "Good Morning."

OVER the pim-laden counter of the "Wellington," Dunoon, comes heartiest congratulations of landlord Mr. Highland, his wife and daughter, to crew of H.M. Submarine "Tuna." He assures you that the back room is still as it was, and the beer, though no stronger yet, is still plentiful. He had his hand under the counter when he said that—you may draw your own conclusions...

STILL with "Tuna," I have an invitation from Bebe Daniels. "They were great lads," she told me. "I hope the whole crew will look me up again when they come to town."

NO doubt C.P.O. E. P. Martin will be delighted that other towns are following the lead given by Horsham in entertaining crews of submarines—

A Smiling Message for

E.R.A. Daniel
WALDREN



THIS is Mrs. Norma Waldren wishing a smiling "Good morning" to E.R.A. Daniel Waldren.

Do you recognise the setting, Danny?

Yes, it is picturesque Baffins Pond—a charming outlook from your front window.

The swans were a bit shy when we took our "snap," but isn't it a delightful picture?

"Scruffy"—bad lad!—might have been in it, too, but he was probably more interested looking for a bone.

Your wife told us what a marvellous house-dog he is. "I don't mind staying by myself when he's about," she said.

But, of course, she would rather have your company. That goes without saying.

Anyway, Scruffy admitted us to his select circle of friends, and pat-a-caked a "Good Morning" greeting.

Then he rustled "Diesel" round the room. (Hope we have got Pussy's name right. Anyway, she was off like an engine!)

By the way, has Norma told you that both "Mums"—yours and hers—have now registered?

Sure! We are determined to win the war!

Your wife eagerly looks forward to your letters every week, and she is writing something to you every day.

Your Mum and Dad send their love, and all's well at home.

IS Newcombe's
Short odd—But true

John Masfield is the 17th Poet Laureate, and Ben Jonson was the first. The three Laureates prior to Masfield were Alfred Tennyson, Alfred Austin and Robert Bridges, who dedicated his "Testament of Beauty" to King George V.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York are both Primates; the first is Primate of All England, and the latter Primate of England.

The Battle of Waterloo was fought at La Haye Sainte, not at Waterloo, which is a village some miles away from the scene of the conflict. The Germans call the fight La Belle Alliance, and the French call it the Battle of Mont St. Jean.

The Marquess of Granby public-houses are named after John Manners, a soldier who fought with great bravery in the Seven Years' War and was remarkably popular with his men.

The salmon and the eel are exactly contrary in their habits. The salmon comes from the sea and ascends fresh-water rivers in order to breed in fresh water, while the eel makes his way from fresh-water rivers to the sea in order to breed in salt water, sometimes crossing dry land to reach his objective.

In the grandfather clock the pendulum takes two seconds to go from one side to the other and back again; in a mantel clock the cycle is completed in one second.

How the Brigadier rode to Minsk

PART I By CONAN DOYLE

I WILL tell you a story of Russia. Ah, what an evil dream of the night it seems! Blood and ice. Ice and blood. Pierce faces with snow upon the whiskers. Blue hands held out for succour.

And across the great white plain the one long black line of moving figures, trudging, trudging, a hundred miles, another hundred, and still always the same white plain.

Sometimes there were firwoods to limit it, sometimes it stretched away to the cold blue sky, but the black line stumbled on and on. Those weary, ragged, starving men, the spirit frozen out of them, looked neither to right nor left, but with sunken faces and rounded backs trailed onwards and ever onwards, making for France as wounded beasts make for their lair.

There was no speaking, and you could scarce hear the shuffle of feet in the snow. Once only I heard them laugh. It was outside Wilna, when an aide-de-camp rode up to the head of that dreadful column and asked if that were the Grand Army.

All who were within hearing looked round, and when they saw those broken men, those ruined regiments, those fur-capped skeletons who were once the Guard, they laughed, and the laugh crackled down the column like a feu de joie. I have heard many a groan and cry and scream in my life, but nothing so terrible as the laugh of the Grand Army.

But why was it that these helpless men were not destroyed by the Russians? Why was it that they were not speared by the Cossacks or herded into droves, and driven as prisoners into the heart of Russia? On every side as you watched the black snake winding over the snow you saw also dark, moving shadows which came and went like cloud drifts on either flank and behind.

They were the Cossacks who hung round us like wolves round the flock. But the reason why they did not ride in upon us was that all the ice of Russia could not cool the hot hearts of some of our soldiers.

To the end there were always those who were ready to throw themselves between these savages and their prey. One man above all rose greater as the danger thickened, and won a higher name amid disaster than he had done when he led our van to victory.

To him I drink this glass—

JANE

to Ney, the red-maned Lion, glaring back over his shoulder at the enemy who feared to tread too closely on his heels. I can see him now, his broad, white face convulsed with fury, his light blue eyes sparkling like flints, his great voice roaring and crashing amid the roll of the musketry. His glazed and featherless cocked hat was the ensign upon which France rallied during those dreadful days.

It is well known that neither

I nor the regiment of Hussars of Conflans were at Moscow. We were left behind on the lines of communication at Borodino.

How the Emperor could have advanced without us is incomprehensible to me, and, indeed, it was only then that I understood that his judgment was weakening, and that he was no longer the man that he had been.

However, a soldier has to obey orders, and so I remained at this village, which was poisoned by the bodies of thirty thousand men who had lost their lives in the great battle.

I spent the late autumn in getting my horses into condition and reclothing my men, so that when the army fell back on Borodino my Hussars were the best of the cavalry, and were placed under Ney in the rear-guard. What could he have done without us during those dreadful days?

"Ah, Gerard," said he one evening—but it is not for me to repeat his words. Suffice it that he spoke what the whole army felt. The rear-guard covered the army, and the Hussars of Conflans covered the rear-guard. There was the whole truth in a sentence. Always the Cossacks were on us. Always we held them off. Never a day passed that we had not to wipe our sabres. That was soldiering indeed.

But there came a time between Wilna and Smolensk when the situation became impossible. Cossacks and even cold we could fight, but we could not fight hunger as well. Food must be got at all costs. That night Ney sent for me to the waggon in which he slept. His great head was sunk on his hands. Mind and body, he was wearied to death.

"Colonel Gerard," said he, "things are going very badly with us. The men are starving. We must have food at all costs."

"The horses," I suggested. "Save your handful of cavalry, there are none left."

"The band," said I. He laughed, even in his despair.

"Why the band?" he asked. "Fighting men are of value." "Good!" said he. "You would play the game down to the last card, and so would I. Good, Gerard, good!" He clasped my hand in his. "But there is one chance for us yet, Gerard."

He unhooked a lantern from the roof of the waggon, and he laid it on a map which was stretched before him.

"To the south of us," said he, "there lies the town of

Minsk. I have word from a Russian deserter that much corn has been stored in the town hall. I wish you to take as many men as you think best, set forth for Minsk, seize the corn, load any carts which you may collect in the town, and bring them to me between here and Smolensk. If you fail, it is but a detachment cut off. If you succeed, it is new life to the army."

He had not expressed himself well, for it was evident that if we failed it was not merely the loss of a detachment. It is quality as well as quantity which counts. And yet how honourable a mission, and how glorious a risk! If mortal men could bring it, then the corn should come from Minsk. I said so, and spoke a few burning words about a brave man's duty until the Marshal was so moved that he rose,

WANGLING WORDS—166

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after AHOR, to make a fish.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of WE SEND RUBY, to make a town near Birmingham.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: FARM into MILK, POLO into PONY, PRIM into ROSE, MISS into FIRE.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from WHEREWITHAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 165

- 1.—UNBEGUN.
- 2.—CLACTON-ON-SEA.
- 3.—LION. LOON. LOOT. FOOT, FOOD, FORD, LORD, LORE, LURE, CURE, CUBE, CUBS.
- 4.—COWS. COOS, COOT, COLT, COLD, HOLD, HOLE, HALE, HALF, CALF.
- 5.—FARM. BARM, BARN, BARS, BAYS, BOYS.
- 6.—ROSE. DOSE. DONE. DONS. TONS. TUNS. BUNS. BUDS.
- 7.—Soap, Spar, Raps, Soar, Sore, Rose, Loan, Opal, Oral, Lain, Nail, Pity, Tail, Peal, Leap, Pale, Lope, Pile, Lips, Slip, Tarn, Tape, Pate, Peat, Pail, Pert, etc.
- 8.—Tails, Rails, Liars, Stale, Pearl, Opals, Snore, Store, Stole, Stone, Notes, Parse, Peals, Slant, Loans, Salon, Snail, Split, Split, Saner, Saint, Leant, etc.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 210: Toothbrush.

and, taking me affectionately by the shoulders, pushed me out of the waggon.

It was clear to me that in order to succeed in my enterprise I should take a small force and depend rather upon surprise than upon numbers. A large body could not conceal itself, would have great difficulty in getting food, and would cause all the Russians around us to concentrate for its certain destruction.

On the other hand, if a small body of cavalry could get past the Cossacks unseen, it was probable that they would find no troops to oppose them, for we knew that the main Russian army was several days' march behind us. This corn was meant, no doubt, for their consumption. A squadron of Hussars and thirty Polish Lancers were all whom I chose for the venture. That very night we rode out of the camp, and struck south in the direction of Minsk.

Fortunately, there was but half a moon, and we were able to pass without being attacked by the enemy. Twice we saw great fires burning amid the snow, and around

them a thick bristle of long poles. These were the lances of Cossacks, which they had stood upright while they slept.

It would have been a great joy to us to have charged in amongst them, for we had much to revenge, and the eyes of my comrades looked longingly from me to those red flickering patches in the darkness.

My faith, I was sorely tempted to do it, for it would have been a good lesson to teach them that they must keep a few miles between themselves and a French army.

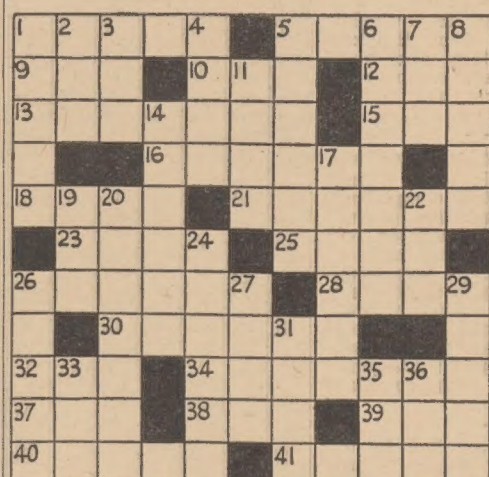
It is the essence of good generalship, however, to keep one thing before one at a time, and so we rode silently on through the snow, leaving these Cossack bivouacs to right and left.

Behind us the black sky was all mottled with a line of flame, which showed where our own poor wretches were trying to keep themselves alive for another day of misery and starvation.

(To be continued)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Very stupid.

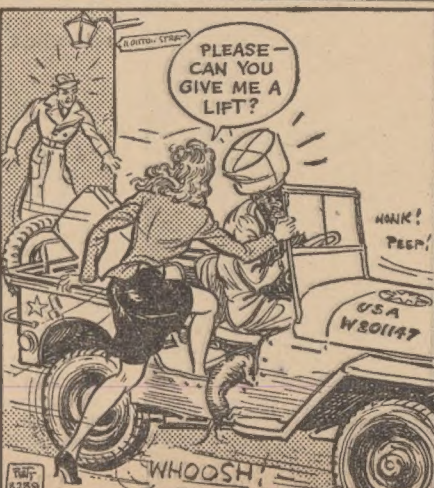


CLUES DOWN.

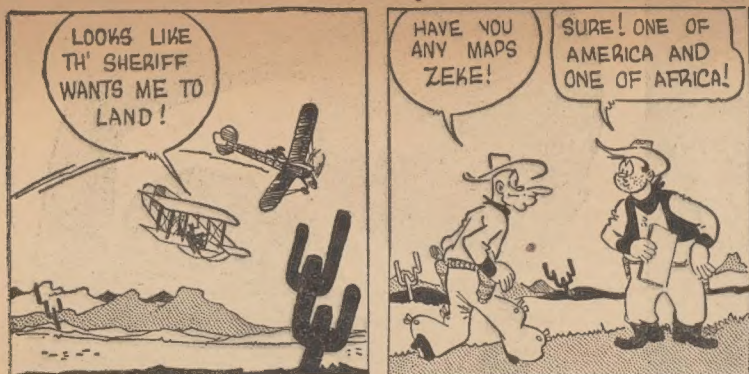
- 1 Item of clothing. 2 Plunder. 3 Quick. 4 Wool twisted for spinning. 5 Emits vapour. 6 Reliance. 7 Past. 8 Concave chisel. 11 Do nothing. 14 Florida style. 15 Prickly flower-head. 19 Drink. 20 Song birds. 22 Obtain. 24 Pique. 26 Blaze unsteadily. 27 Calamitous. 29 Mode. 31 Water-bird. 33 That over there. 35 Running distance. 36 Female animal.

- 5 Skinny one. 9 Hang loosely. 10 Ignited. 12 Self. 13 Thrust forward. 15 Coin. 16 Flattened at poles. 18 Mica. 21 Come into view. 23 Big beast. 25 Except. 26 Parried. 28 Games of tennis. 30 Intimation. 32 Always. 34 Truck. 37 Nonsense. 38 Zodiac sign. 39 Pointed tool. 40 Result. 41 Conical tent.

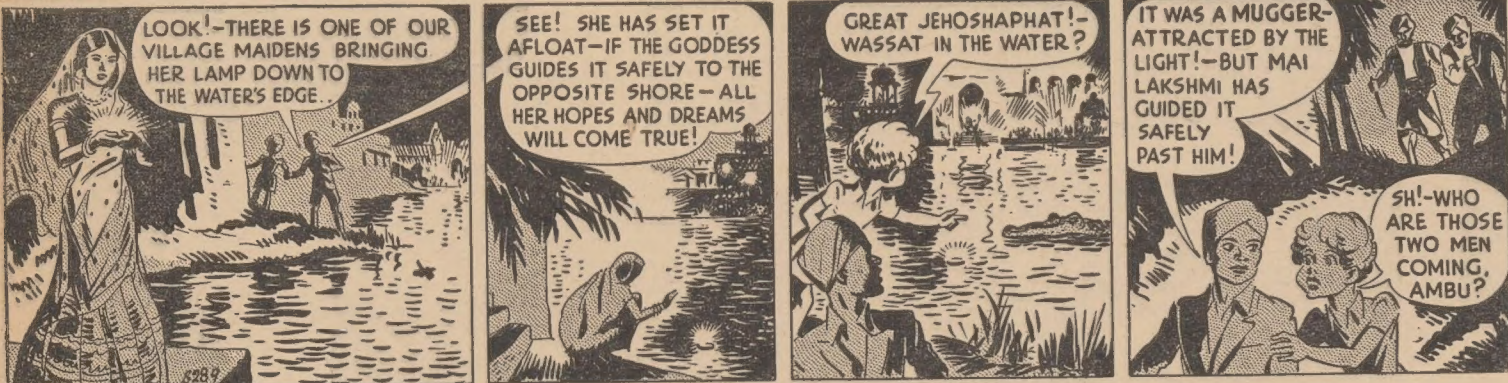
PEP PITCHES
ARRAS RISK
USUAL SALTY
PENT SABLE
PEIGHT YET
EG ORRIS MA
RAP OUNCE P
BEFOG RIPE
ABEAM TUDOR
ILLS GAMES
DESTROY RYE



BEELZEBUB JONES



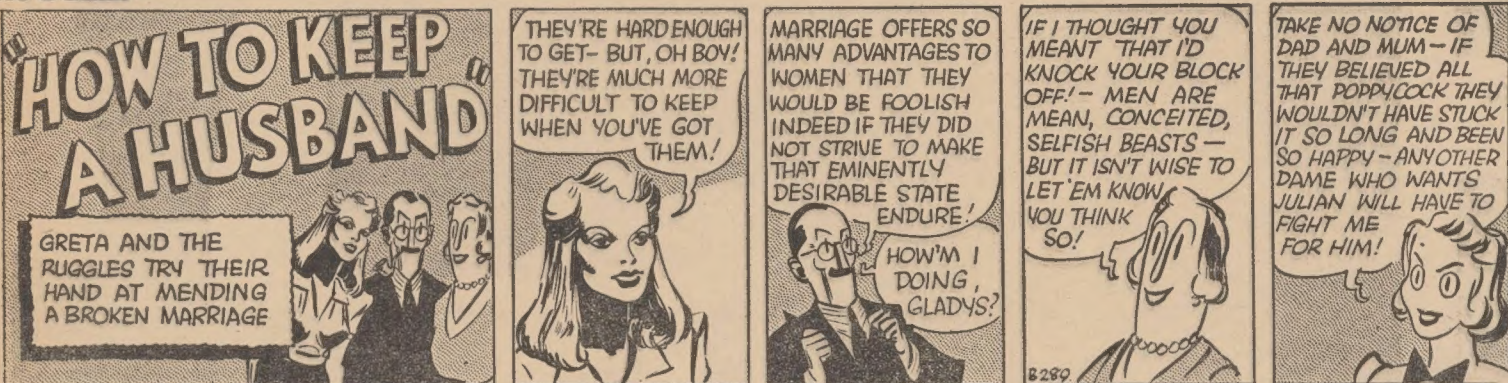
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

THE SUBURBS.

WHAT'S wrong with the suburbs? What's wrong with an aspidistra in the hall or the window, if you like it? Who wouldn't find this and similar survivals of Victoria's days easier to live with than some modern painting? Let's stop talking about the suburbs as if they were places in which one ought to be ashamed to be seen.

Fred Moir Brown.

WASTE MORE!

IN a normal peace-time world, "waste" is the life-blood of industry. There is the elementary example of Colman, who built up a business giving employment to thousands. . . The waste of manufactured goods is not part of a vicious circle, but of a beneficial one; make more, use more, waste more if you wish, but keep the manufacture going and all the employment it implies, or where is our beautiful "New World" coming from? Is it to be a world of pinchers, scrapers, and "make do and menders"?

W. Gurney Rumsey.

THE CLERGY.

NO more vital responsibility faces the Church than that of the wise selection of the next generation of clergy, and of the sort of training they are to be given to fit them for their great vocation. It is a responsibility owed to the whole nation. The right men will be found in the ranks of the fighting forces and of industry alike, largely from among those now showing qualities of moral leadership.

Lord Grey.

SAYING WHAT YOU THINK.

PEOPLE who say what they think about other people are usually extremely disagreeable persons who use bluntness as an excuse for unkindness. It is rarely that those who say what they think are found to think anything agreeable. . . It is a good rule always to say the worst of what you think about institutions, interests, policies, but to hold your tongue in relation to what you could wish otherwise in people.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

THE NAVY.

DO not think that with the advent of the aeroplane the day of the Navy has passed. Rather let us look forward to the future with increased confidence that we have within our power the means by which we can make permanently secure those sea routes on which not only these islands but the whole British Commonwealth depends for its very existence. Because a fleet with aircraft has a longer vision and longer range, a nation possessing sea power will in future exercise a more effective control of the sea than ever before.

The First Lord of the Admiralty.

MASS CREDULITY.

MORE and more is being demanded of men at a period of history when the majority of them have less and less opportunity for apprehending what the essentials of normal civic living are. This is not the sort of "deficiency" which can be remedied by injections prescribed by "Book Clubs" and "literary digests." . . . The growth of the mass-mind, with its credulity, its demand for "solutions," and its increasing intolerance of opposition and even of discussion, is not being overtaken by more hopeful developments.

Maurice B. Reckitt.

COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT.

IT has often been concluded that it is necessary immediately to introduce so-called "democratic" institutions, such as universal suffrage and trial by jury, to populations then in the feudal stage, or even more undeveloped. Without saying, as critics of democracy too often do say, that the result has been a disaster, it must be said that this process has not eased the work of government; and also that, when such institutions are imposed suddenly and violently, they destroy the true political traditions of the natives and apply a European habit of thought to minds not yet adapted to it.

P. A. Lapie (Former Governor of Chad).

THE FAMILY.

IF there is to be any recovery in the nation's birth-rate, those responsible for planning must aim at providing not merely flats for the childless, but homes in which families can be housed and brought up. . . I do not believe that potential parents are very likely to be influenced by the suggestion that they ought to breed children for the good of the State. What can and should influence them is the natural and human desire to have a family, as the proper fulfilment of married life.

John Derbu.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Cheer up, younker, don't 'ee let Granfer's whiskers frighten 'ee



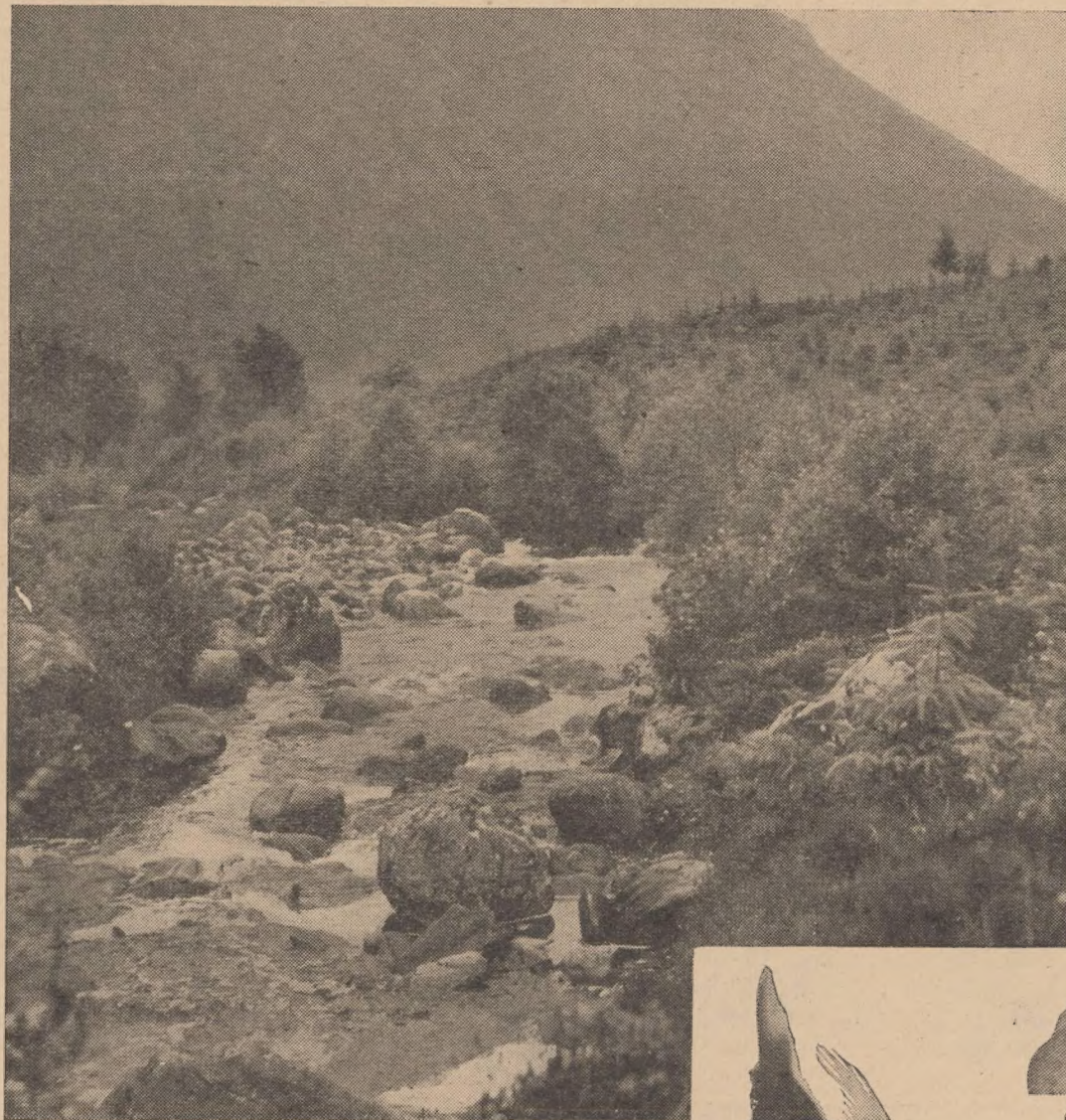
A Little pre-breakfast P.T. chums



Ha! A spot of deep breathing. And now—



WHERE'S ME GRUB?



This, Our Scotland

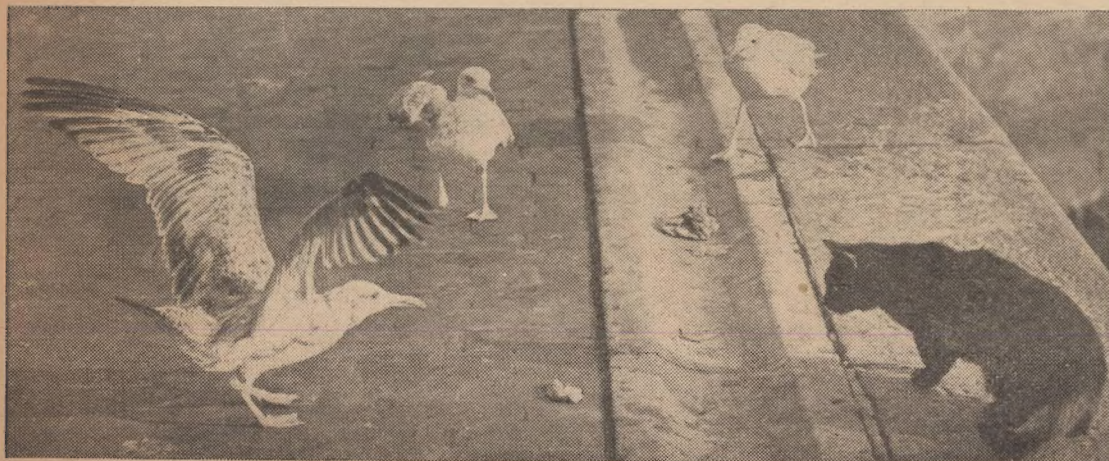
To the bonny falls o' Glomach



Cor! Wish I had you in my private gymnasium



Look at me. First time ma ever put my hair up.



Three to one on the Gulls

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I am pretty gymnastic too."

